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EIGHT PAGES.

**RUSSIAN CORPS IS
WIPED OUT AFTER A
HEROIC RESISTANCE****Survivors of Terrible Battle
Toll of Comrades'
Gravely.****GERMAN LOSSES ARE TERRIFIC**

Thirty Thousand the Casualties in Campaign on the Rukwa; Tens of Thousands Wounded, Poisoned, Starved, Dying in the Wilderness.

By Associated Press.
PETERSBURG, Feb. 24.—The Russian army has been wiped out after a heroic resistance. The survivors of the terrible battle are gravely wounded, and the toll of comrades' graves is high. The Russian army has been wiped out after a heroic resistance. The survivors of the terrible battle are gravely wounded, and the toll of comrades' graves is high. The Russian army has been wiped out after a heroic resistance. The survivors of the terrible battle are gravely wounded, and the toll of comrades' graves is high.

PARIS, Feb. 24.—At least 50,000 men were lost by the Germans in their attack on the Russian positions on the Rukwa river, and in the region of Ljovno and Gumbin. According to a correspondent who visited the operations, the Russian army has been wiped out after a heroic resistance. The survivors of the terrible battle are gravely wounded, and the toll of comrades' graves is high.

BERLIN, via London, Feb. 24.—A dispatch received here from Vienna quotes a war correspondent as saying the fighting in the Carpathians has reached its fiercest stage. The Russian army has been wiped out after a heroic resistance. The survivors of the terrible battle are gravely wounded, and the toll of comrades' graves is high.

URGENT GERMAN CROWN
TO CONSIDER POTATOES
Special to The Courier.
BERLIN, via London, Feb. 24.—Dr. Kuehnelt, director of the Reichsstatistik, in a published article today, adds his voice to those who previously have demanded that the government take over the supply of potatoes in Germany as it has done with flour and grain. The doctor refers to the advice given Germans that each person in order to eat out the supply of grain should increase his potato consumption by 100 grams daily, and he says that if this advice be followed, the present potato supply would not last over four months.

VIENNA, via London, Feb. 24.—The government has taken over stocks of rye, barley, maize and flour products. The distribution of bread will be under taken in various districts.

**ANOTHER AMERICAN SHIP
SUNK BY GERMAN MINE**

LONDON, Feb. 24.—With submarines and mines the situation in the war surrounding Great Britain continues to develop. A second American steamer, the Carib, has gone to the bottom of the North Sea with a cargo of cotton and two British steamers have been torpedoed in the last 24 hours.

As a precaution England has closed the entrance to the Irish channel except a narrow strip near the coast in which navigation will be permitted only by daylight. These restrictions are patterned after those enforced in the English channel some time ago. The Scandinavian countries among which Norway already has lost four ships are trying to find some solution of the problem but so far without result, although it is proposed tentatively to provide some sort of a naval convoy for their craft. The matter is to be discussed further.

The crew of the American steamer Carib which was sunk by a mine of the German coast is reported from German sources to have been saved but the whereabouts of the sailors is a mystery. It was reported also that part of the crew of the American steamer Carib, sunk by a mine of Germany was being taken to Holland. There are indications that the allied fleets in the Mediterranean are attacking the forts along the Dardanelles in earnest. Though no details have been

received as to the recent bombardment, the admiralty report, referring to "the interruption of operations" on account of weather conditions indicates that the fleet is still standing by awaiting favorable opportunity to resume the attack.

**BRITISH STEAMER IS
SUNK BY SUBMARINE**

LONDON, Feb. 24.—The British steamer Oakby was torpedoed by a German submarine off the coast of Dover yesterday. The crew was rescued by a fishing smack and landed at Ramsgate today. The Oakby was bound in ballast from London for Cardiff, Wales. She was hit on the port side. Her main hatch was blown off, her decks were splintered and the ship was hurled in the air. One lifeboat was swamped by the great volume of water thrown up by the explosion of the torpedo. The fishing smack Gracie, which was four miles off, felt the shock of the explosion and hastened to the scene. They arrived in time to take on the crew, none of the members of which was hurt. The periscope of the submarine was seen before the explosion of the Oakby. An attempt was made to tow the Oakby to Dover, but she sank off Folkestone this morning. The loss of the Oakby apparently was mentioned in a dispatch from Ljovno, England, last night. This message referred to the torpedoing of two vessels off Ljovno. One was the Oakby and her crew was saved and landed at Ramsgate.

**BRITISH ARMED STEAMER,
MISSING, KNOWN TO BE LOST**

LONDON, Feb. 24.—The official information bureau announced this afternoon that the Clan MacNaughton, an armed merchant cruiser, is missing. The vessel was last heard from February 2, and it is feared that she has been lost. The bureau's announcement follows: "The admiralty regrets to announce that H. M. C. Clan MacNaughton, an armed merchant cruiser, is missing. The vessel was last heard from February 2, and it is feared that she has been lost. An unsuccessful search has been made and wreckage supposed to be portions of this ship has been discovered."

"The last signal received from the ship was made early on the morning of February 2 and it is feared that she was lost during the bad weather which prevailed at that time."

Twenty-eight men lost their lives when the Clan MacNaughton went down. The last signal received from the ship was made early on the morning of February 2 and it is feared that she was lost during the bad weather which prevailed at that time.

A dispatch last night from New Haven, England, stated that 18 members of the crew of the German steamer Brankenshoop, a government collier, had landed there and announced the sinking of their vessel either by a mine or a torpedo in the English Channel, 20 miles southwest of Beachy Head about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. This probably is the vessel to which the Berlin announcement refers.

**FRENCH SUFFER HEAVILY
IN CHAMPAGNE DISTRICT**

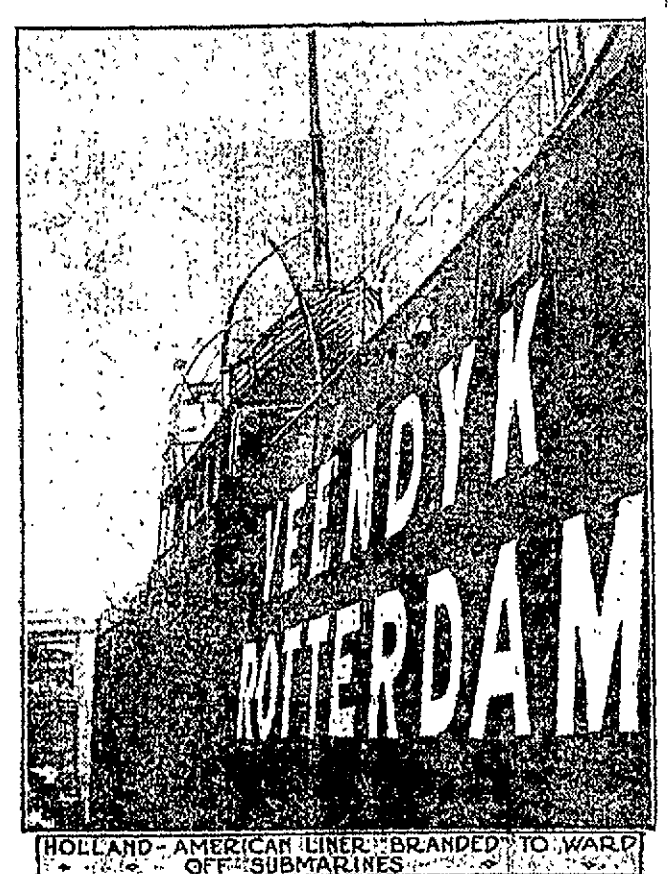
PARIS, Feb. 24.—Progress of French troops in the region of Portiers and a few successful actions on other sections of the battle front in France and Belgium are reported today by the French official statement. Quiet reigns on other parts of the line.

**HOLLAND PREPARES FOR
NEW WAR DEVELOPMENT**

THE HAGUE, via London, Feb. 24.—There is a strong reason to believe that the political situation in Holland at the present time is such that most interesting developments might be expected in the near future. There has been recently numerous meetings between the diplomatic representatives of various countries at The Hague, but the subjects discussed at these conferences have been kept secret.

Recs German Gun Explodes, GENEVA, via Paris, Feb. 24.—One of the largest and newest of the heavy German guns used in the bombardment of a position of the allies near Thann, Alsace, exploded today. One officer and five gunners were killed.

Files Over Swiss Border, GENEVA, Feb. 24.—Another German aviator flew over Swiss territory today. Swiss infantry fired at the German as he was over the village of Courmeslin, near Donfol.

**Holland-America Liners "Branded"
to Warn Off German Submarines.**

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—As a precaution against possible short sightedness on the part of German submarines, the Holland-America line has branded its ships with the name of the line. The ships are painted in the colors of the national flag from dark to light blue. Norwegian ships will have the word "Norway" painted on their sides, with the national colors painted fore and aft of the name.

**CONSTABLE SHOT IN RIOT
DIES; GRAND JURY ACTS**

Evidence Against Strikers Presented to Grand Jury. Protesters in Disturbance; Injuries Expected.

FAIRMONT, W. Va., Feb. 24.—Constable W. L. Hines, wounded in the riot between a sheriff's posse and striking miners at Fairmont, W. Va., last Saturday, died in a hospital here today. Thomas Buckley, a deputy sheriff, shot in the same riot, suffered a relapse during the night and was said to be in a dying condition.

The grand jury summoned to investigate the riots was expected to report before midnight and arrangements were made to keep down possible disorder when warrants were being served in the strike district. It was reported that Governor Hatfield would be called upon for assistance, but police officers refused to confirm the rumor. Circuit court convened this morning with Judge W. S. Haymond presiding. After urging the necessity of controlling lawlessness and the enforcement of order in the strike zone and also outlining testimony secured by prosecuting Attorney T. Morris, the judge faced the case with the grand jury which immediately went into session. The result of the investigation will probably not be made known before night when it is thought indictments by the grand jury will be returned.

SPEEDY JUSTICE

Judge Dayton Did Not Delay, Witnesses Say.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—More witnesses testified before the House judiciary sub-committee investigating charges against Federal Judge Dayton of West Virginia.

Charles Showalter of Parkersburg, W. Va., testified how two Italian men were indicted, convicted and sentenced to the maximum penalty as white slaves in the judge's court all in one day. The judge, he complained, called a jury "a chicken hearted bunch" when they acquitted a woman charged with white slavery. A. C. Palmer, a coal operator of Akron, O., told how he had agreed to let Judge Dayton arbitrate privately a case between himself and Davis Eldins, a son of the former West Virginia senator. Although the case had been in court four years, Palmer testified the judge gave a decision to Eldins in 10 days. Under questioning Palmer said he did not believe the judge had any business connections with the Eldins family.

When Henry W. Chaddock, cashier of a Grafton, W. Va. trust company, was called to testify about a note on which Judge Dayton and his son were myers, counsel for the judge objected to the "private financial affairs" of the judge being "put into it."

Attorney Blecher said he expected to show that Judge Dayton's loans were so extensive "that he must have been borrowing money on the strength of his office."

WEATHER IS QUEER

Today a Year Ago the Mercury Dropped Below Zero.
The mercury rose yesterday to the unusual height of 75 degrees above zero, the highest temperature recorded since the winter of 1913, when the mercury fell to 10 degrees below zero.

It marked contrast to the cold weather at this time last year. On February 24 last year, the thermometer dropped to three degrees below zero and tomorrow a year ago, one of the coldest days of the winter, eight degrees below zero was recorded. Such warm weather at this season is abnormal and few persons care to have it, no matter how much they may long for spring to come. It is feared that the vegetation may begin to sprout, only to be subsequently blighted by the frost and cold weather that are bound to come before winter ends.

Cloudy and cooler weather is predicted to show the sun today, according to the weather forecast.

MAN FOUND DEAD

Body of Acme Fireman Lies in Road Near Mount Pleasant.
Special to The Courier.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Feb. 24.—William L. Hines, a fireman at Mount Pleasant, was found dead in the field back of his home today. He was 42 years old, living in the field back of his home today. He was found dead in the field back of his home today. He was 42 years old, living in the field back of his home today.

OFFICER A SUICIDE

Captain of Marines Shoots Himself in Washington Club.
By Associated Press.
PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 24.—Captain A. E. Harding of the United States Marine Corps shot and killed himself today at the Racquet Club, of which he was a non-resident member. The police have thus far been unable to assign a cause for the suicide.

Captain Harding was an aide to President Taft. He was born in Illinois in 1878 and was appointed to the Marine Corps from that state in 1899.

THE WEATHER FORECAST

Cloudy tonight and Thursday; somewhat colder tonight is the noon weather forecast for Western Pennsylvania.
The Temperature:
Maximum 75
Minimum 55
Mean 65
The Young river rose from 3.30 to 2.50 feet during the night.

**COURT REFUSES A
NON-SUIT IN CASE
AGAINST BOROUGH****Refuses to Throw South
Brownsville Litiga-
tion Out.****BIG EJECTMENT TRIAL STARTS**

Possession of Tract of Land in Martin Hollow. Made Famous by the Coolidge Case; Hearing in Injunction Case is Postponed.

Special to The Courier.
UNIONTOWN, Feb. 24.—The motion of attorney Harry Gorton for a compulsory non-suit in the case of Mrs. Harriet C. Golden against South Brownsville borough was overruled this forenoon by Judge Umbel. The court decided that the question of whether the borough of South Brownsville had been notified of the defect in the pavement which caused Mrs. Golden's injuries was a question of fact and should go to the jury. Mrs. Golden's suit is for \$10,000 damages for injuries received in May, 1913, when the pavement in front of D. Fred Robinson's drug store in South Brownsville on which she was standing through the pavement into the gutter and alleged that she received injuries which are permanent. In outlining the defense to the jury, Attorney Gorton, who represents South Brownsville borough, stated that the borough authorities did not know of the defects in the sidewalk. Dr. E. E. Hasey, of Uniontown, was the first of several physicians to be called in an effort of the defense to prove that Mrs. Golden's injuries are slight and not permanent. In Judge Van Swearingen's court the Mickey-Hardin controversy for the possession of a tract of 160 acres of land in Coopers township was started. This is an ejectment case in which the jury will be asked to determine the title to the valuable tract in Hardin hollow, made famous in the early days of Fayette county by many notorious murders and as the home of the Coolidge gang. A large number of witnesses have been summoned by both the plaintiffs and the defendants, and it is expected that the case will occupy the remainder of the week in court room No. 2. The plaintiffs in the action are Sarah Elizabeth Mickey, widow; Ann Mickey Hinkle, Elizabeth H. Mickey Shaffer, George Mickey, Rachel Mickey Humphreys and John G. Mickey, minors, by their guardian, the Citizens Title & Trust Company of Uniontown. The defendants in the case are: Mary E. Hardin, widow; Benjamin H. Hardin, Rebecca J. Fry, George C. Hardin, William Hardin, Jonathan L. Hardin, Hannah Sutton, Upton Hardin, Linda Hardin, William Reed, Jasper T. Wilson and Hannah Hardin. By an agreement of the attorneys representing the estate of W. J. Rainey and D. J. Johnson and C. W. Johnson, March 12 was fixed as the date for the hearing of the injunction action brought by the Rainey against the Johnsons. The suit is to prevent Johnsons from drilling a well through their coal operations at Percy through the Rainey workings. The Johnsons are operating a five foot vein of coal, and the Rainey are operating a nine foot vein underlying it. The Rainey allege that by drilling through into their workings it will cause their mine to be flooded with water.

SEEK FUGITIVE ROBBER

Bloodhounds Are Scenting Hints in Vicinity of Rockwood.
Bloodhounds and a posse of police and constables are searching the woods in the vicinity of Rockwood for a man who is believed to have been involved in several robberies at Windber and Johnstown. He is believed to be hiding in an abandoned mine. His companion was arrested by Chief of Police Jack Hawley and Constable May of Rockwood yesterday morning. One of the stolen goods was found on him.

Early yesterday morning word came to Rockwood that two colored men, believed to be the ones who made several robberies at Windber and Johnstown, had held up a brewer driver and stolen \$40 and a valuable gold watch from him. About noon when a freight train pulled in over the low grade, two men answering the description of the robbers jumped off. When they saw the police approach they ran towards the woods. One of them was overtaken, but the other escaped.

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FEW PAY LICENSE FEE

Merchants Are Slow in Paying Out Their City Assessments.
Though almost two months of 1915 have passed, only 15 business men have paid their city license tax. The delinquency is probably due to the fact that last year the tax was not assessed until late in the year and not collected until some time in August. The first city license tax, since paying the last assessment, has been so short that merchants are hardly aware that 1915 tax is due.

HOLD FIRE DRILL

School Directors Find Pupils Clear Buildings Quickly.
During a tour of inspection of the schools yesterday, Lloyd J. Shaw and C. Roy Heston, members of school board, tested the Second and Fourth ward students in fire drills. In the Second ward the students fled out of their rooms to the street in 35 seconds. At the Fourth ward it took two minutes and 40 seconds to empty the buildings. The showing in both wards was extremely good, the directors believe. In the Second ward building there are eight rooms on two floors, while in the Fourth ward there are 12 rooms on three floors, making it necessary to use the fire escapes, hence it takes considerably longer to get the children out.

The alarms were sounded by the director without warning and neither teachers nor students had any idea whether there was a fire or just a drill. The pupils moved out orderly and quickly in charge of the various teachers.

FIRE AT HOPWOOD

Explosion of Gasoline Tank Threatens Little Village.
The explosion of a gasoline tank at the residence of P. M. Semans, Jr., at Hopwood threatened to destroy the village about 9.15 o'clock last night. Uniontown firemen came to the rescue and extinguished the blaze. The loss is estimated at \$3,000. A stable and two other smaller buildings, one used as a clubhouse and the other as a storage room, were destroyed, and W. C. Kamble's auto truck was badly damaged.

Richie May Come. According to Manager Stephen Ritchie may box here some time in the future.

**CHRISTIAN MEETINGS CLOSE;
130 PERSONS CONVERTED**

Reception for New Members Held Last Night; Rev. Buckner to Lecture on English Life.
The Christian Church revival meetings closed last night with a W. meeting. Five converts were received, making a total of 130 since the meetings began. Eight of the converts were baptised.

The West Penn Quartet, composed of W. E. Getchell, William Charlesworth, William Thomas and John Davis, sang "Jesus Savior Pilot Me" and Rev. G. W. Buckner preached on "The Philosophy of Belief."

After the closing of the meeting a reception for new members was held. The West Penn Quartet and the High School Glee Club furnished the music, speeches were made by Rev. C. C. Buckner, W. E. Getchell, John Davis, and a general social time followed.

Tonight Rev. G. W. Buckner will deliver his lecture "Life in the Crown of Thorns" at the West Penn Quartet and the High School Glee Club furnished the music, speeches were made by Rev. C. C. Buckner, W. E. Getchell, John Davis, and a general social time followed.

**WESTERN MARYLAND
IS EXPECTED TO TAP
JENNER COAL FIELD**

Talk of an extension of the Western Maryland railroad into the Jenner-Quemahoning coal field of Somerset county has been resumed and predictions are that consolidation work will be started during the coming year. A recent visit to the coal field by officials high in the Consolidation Coal Company, and a subsequent conference reported to have been held in Rockwood with Chief Engineer H. R. Pratt of the Western Maryland gave color to the story.

It is generally recognized that the Western Maryland must obtain feeders to its main line between Connellsville and Cumberland. The line is a constituted producer virtually no revenue. By tapping the rich Somerset coal field, a considerable tonnage would be obtained.

Financial circles are inclined to accept as authentic the rumor that the Rockefeller interests have established a community of interest with the Consolidation Coal Company. As the Rockefeller are heavily interested in the Western Maryland, it is to their advantage to have that road earn as much as possible. For this reason it is anticipated that the Consolidation Coal Company will not be averse to giving the Western Maryland a share of its Somerset coal tonnage. The Rockefeller are also reported to have holdings in the Baltimore & Ohio, with the result that they are not attempting to deprive that system of its virtual monopoly in the Southern Somerset and West Virginia fields, but rather seek to have a division of the tonnage between both roads.

Recently General Manager Frank R. Lyon of the Consolidation Coal Company, accompanied by Frank Hawley and George T. Watson of Fairmont, and A. W. Gallows, president of the Davis Coal & Coke Company, visited the Jenner-Quemahoning field. They later are reported to have held a conference with Chief Engineer H. R. Pratt of the Western Maryland, and persons in touch with the situation declare that the proposed extension of the Western Maryland into that field was discussed.

SHOOT A DOG

Now Owner Claims Cop Has Slain a Valuable Animal.
After Patrolman Thomas McDonald had shot a worthless dog, brought in from the South Side at the request of residents of Etna street, the owner of the animal came in and registered a strenuous protest. Protest at that time, however, was unavailing, for the dog was so the owner had to content himself with vowing vengeance.

"Someone will have to pay for this," he declared. "Well, it won't be me," he declared. "Well, it won't be me," he declared. "Well, it won't be me," he declared.

The dog had been the source of complaint for some time back. It was said to be subject to its residents and feared it might go mad. When asked what it would cost to shoot it, Patrolman McDonald told a woman in the neighborhood that it was no less than \$5.00. But that if she would have it sent to city hall with 50 cents for removing it to the garbage dump, he would see that it was put out of its misery. When two boys brought the dog in yesterday, it was immediately killed.

Five minutes later the owner appeared, claiming it was a valuable dog.

TEST NEW BRACKETS

West Penn Experiments With Arms for New Lights.
A new type of bracket arm for electric lights is being tried out by the West Penn at the Pennsylvania railroad crossing on Meadow lane. If it proves adaptable for the purpose, the type may be adopted for many of the new lights which are being erected throughout the town under a new contract with the West Penn company. Two of them have been received but only one has been erected, as they differ but slightly.

The arm on which the light hangs allows it to be pulled in toward the pole and then dropped down for cleaning or replacing of globes. The bracket is light and will be used principally for the smaller candlepower lights.

According to the plans of West Penn lighting officials, the new lights will be lighted in sections. When the first is completed for the West Side the electric will be arranged so that the lamps may be lighted. In the same way parts of the East Side will be lighted as soon as the system is ready. The idea is not to wait until all the lights are ready and then switch in the whole town.

Will Hold Inquest. Coroner H. J. Bell will hold an inquest tomorrow afternoon at his office in Uniontown, into the death of Charles Crawford, who was killed by a West Penn street car.

FREE FROM PAIN THANKS DOCTORS FOR NEW HEALTH

Gives Strong Endorsement
to the Inter-State Doctors
Modern Treatment.

FRIENDS NOTICE NEW HEALTH

Had Pain in Chest, Chronic Cough, a
Weak Heart and Stomach Trouble.

"I have been a sufferer for three years with pain in the chest, chronic cough, a weak heart and also had severe stomach trouble," writes Mr. Frank Hinkman of Lake, Ala. in relating his physical condition before going to the Inter-State Doctors who have their famous Connellsville medical institute on the second floor of the Citizens National Bank Building, corner of Pittsburg and Apple streets, opposite the Aaron furniture store.

"As I have other chronic ailments, I tried other doctors without obtaining any relief or benefit previous to going to these specialists at Cumberland, but with a different result than with the other physicians.

"I am now about well, with a splendid appetite, free from pain, and no heart trouble whatever. My friends see the difference in my appearance and I attribute all the good results from the Inter-State Doctors' treatment."

Many hundreds of former sick people have like Mr. Hinkman, found health through the Inter-State Doctors' treatment after all other doctors and methods had failed to give the proper results. If the readers of these columns look back month after month and recall the stream of letters from the Inter-State Doctors from other people the merits of the new system of medicine practiced by the Inter-State Doctors must be manifest.

The Inter-State Doctors do not practice a single system of medicine as used by the ordinary doctor; the allopathic, homoeopathic or eclectic systems of treatment for they combine all the three recognized systems of medicine into one single system of treatment for the benefit of their patients, besides a combination of the treatment that could hardly be classified as belonging even in the combination. They never operate or use the knife. They furnish all of their own medicines from their drug laboratory maintained at the institute. Among other ailments treated are chronic and degenerated diseases of the nerves, blood, heart, liver, kidneys, bladder, spleen, brain, including rheumatism, neuritis, epilepsy, gall stones, colitis, indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, asthma, dropsy, catarrh, deafness, ruptured weak lungs, rectal troubles, neuritis, chronic appendicitis and other diseases of women and diseases of men.

The daily office hours of the Inter-State Doctors are from 9 A. M. to 12 M. to 12 M. 1:30 to 5 P. M. and evenings 7 to 9 o'clock. Sunday hours are from 9 A. M. to 12 M. only. Sick and ailing people cannot do better than by consulting the Inter-State Doctors at their earliest convenience.

In an announcement to be made at an early date, the Inter-State Doctors will announce an addition to their wonderful new system of treatment in a marvelous curative agent which it is believed is not in the possession of another physician in the country.

The Inter-State Doctors' Institute is permanent and open every day in the year at above stated hours.—Adv.

MEYERSDALE

MEYERSDALE, Feb. 23.—N. L. Miller, senior member of the firm of Miller & Collins, Mrs. George W. Collins and Miss Nellie Gordon left Sunday night for New York, where they will spend a week or two studying the new styles and purchasing the spring stock for the ladies department of the above store.

Mrs. W. H. Hill left Monday for a visit with relatives at Lewistown and Beaverstown, Pa.

Re Weinstein has returned from Pittsburgh, where he had been purchasing new goods for the store he will open in the Naugle building on March 1.

Miss Florence Sayler, who is employed at Towell, returned to her duties yesterday after spending a few days here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Sayler.

N. B. Kyle of Windhorst was transacting business in Meyersdale Monday and while here was a guest at the home of Mr. A. H. Kyle.

Miss D. Sellers of Frazer was the guest of her niece, Mrs. Ward Dull, several days during the week.

Mrs. John Little, who spent several days with relatives here, has returned to her home in Mauch.

Miss Maude Reed has gone to Cumberland to remain for a few weeks visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Annie Stover has returned from a three week visit which was spent with relatives at Homestead, Pittsburgh and Confluence.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Meyers accompanied their daughter, Miss Florence, to the Western Maryland Hospital in Cumberland yesterday, where she underwent an operation today for gall stones, from which she has been a sufferer for some time. Dr. C. P. Latzer went down this morning and was present at the operation.

William Broecker left today for Waterloo, Iowa, where he expects to remain providing he can secure employment.

T. J. Dougherty of One Gulley, W. Va., was a recent visitor.

Public Menaced by Coughing

People with coughs and colds appear the disease to others by blowing and sneezing germs in their faces. There is no reason why they should cough or sneeze but it will make an obstinate cough or cold vanish in a short time. It quickly loosens a tight chest, soothes and breaks the soreness in a painful cough, raises the phlegm and ends a constant hacking or loose cough. Coughs are guaranteed to drive you the relief you want or money back. Get it at your General or Druggist's, 40 and 50 cents. No opiates in use.



PRESIDENT TENER OF NATIONAL LEAGUE

OFFICIAL NATIONAL LEAGUE SCHEDULE, 1915											
	At Boston.	At Brooklyn.	At New York.	At Philadelphia.	At Pittsburgh.	At Cincinnati.	At Chicago.	At St. Louis.			
Detroit.....		May 1, 3, 5, 7, July 6, 8, 9, 7, 10, Sept. 8, 9.	April 27, 28, 30, June 22, 23, Sept. 8, 9, 6, 7.	April 27, 28, 30, June 22, 23, Sept. 8, 9, 12, 14, 15.	June 9, 10, 11, 12, Aug. 2, 3, 21, Sept. 18, 20, 31.	June 9, 10, 11, 12, Sept. 18, 20, 31.	June 13, 14, 15, 16, Aug. 6, 7, 8, 13, 14.	June 17, 18, 19, 20, Aug. 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15.			
Brooklyn.....	April 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, Sept. 2, 3, 4.		April 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, Aug. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, Oct. 1, 2.	April 27, 28, 30, June 22, 23, Sept. 8, 9, 12, 14, 15.	June 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24.	June 9, 10, 11, 12, Sept. 18, 20, 31.	June 17, 18, 19, 20, Aug. 6, 7, 8, 13, 14.	June 13, 14, 15, 16, Aug. 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15.			
New York.....	May 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Oct. 4, 5, 6, 7.	April 20, 21, 22, 23, June 1, 2, 3, Aug. 13, 14, 15.		May 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Oct. 1, 2.	May 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Sept. 10, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Oct. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Nov. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Dec. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Mar. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Apr. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 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SCOTSDALE

Special to "The Courier".
SCOTSDALE, Feb. 21.—On Thursday evening a trophy social will be held in the United Presbyterian Church by the Young People's Society. The trophy cup will be presented to the winner of the St. Louis silver trophy cup, which was won by the Westminster Presbyterian Young People's Society of the city of St. Louis, Mo., at the annual meeting of the National Young People's Society of America, held at the Hotel McAlister, St. Louis, Mo., last week.

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CHILD'S TONGUE
BECOMES COATED
IF CONSTIPATED

When Cross, Feverish and Sick Give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative" and nothing else cleanses the under stomach and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels and the result is, they become thickly coated with waste. Even a slight stomach ache, sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold has sore throat, stomach-aches, or diarrhoea. Listen, mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you will have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless, children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here (in the genuine, made by "California Syrup Company.") Refuse any other kind with contempt—Ad.

JACOBUS CHURCH.

JACOBUS CHURCH Feb. 21.—A A. Room was a call at Pittsburg Monday.

Mrs. Lech Rhoads was a business caller at West Newton Monday.

The Lurek mine of the Pittsburgh Coal Company, worked all last week and it is reported to work four days this week. The Whitcomb mine of the same company is running full time.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Fegan of Lake town, were visiting here at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hough.

William Hand of Monaca, Pa., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hand of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ferguson of this place are having their house repainted and papered.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Fegan are having a new fence erected around their lot.

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DON'T SKIP THIS GOOD NEWS, MADAM

Friday, the 26th, is The Big Store's monthly event.

Coupon Day

Watch and read tomorrow's paper—it will pay you well.

KOBACKER'S
THE BIG STORE
ON PITTSTOWN ST.

See our Window Display
It will give you some idea of the excellent values in this Shirt Sale.

GIGANTIC SHIRT SALE
Men! Take Your Pick

Our Entire Stock of Shirts at Most Extraordinary Reductions.

Sale Starts Thursday, Feb. 25

Bigger than ever. Shirts are better, colors are better, patterns are better—better values every way than we have ever offered before. Fresh, new, crisply laundered, right from the shops of America's best shirt manufacturers, such as Emery, Superior and others.

Any Shirt up to \$1.00 value at

69c

Any Shirt up to \$1.50 value at

85c

Any Shirt up to \$2.00 value at

\$1.15

Shirts up to \$2.00 values—Sale price \$1.15.

Patronize Those Who Advertise

ARCADE THEATRE THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY FEB. 25, 26, 27

SOME WONDERFUL MUSIC IN A CLASS BY ITSELF SOME WONDERFUL SCENIC DISPLAY

See the big ship scene; something never yet attempted. You can't help but like this grand display of wonder.

This star act featured last season by the big Broadway production of renown, George Evans' Honey Boy Minstrels.

Newspapers in every big city have pronounced this the best musical novelty of the age.

This same grand act has played to capacity business in every theatre of reputation.

You can't afford to miss this.



The greatest attraction of its kind that ever played this city. It's a bold remark, but it can be backed up.

Wherever this production has been exhibited it has left a desire for more of its kind and has served as a forerunner of success for the balance. This is a pronounced statement of facts, which the management of this theatre expects to follow up by giving the public the best that money can buy in the shape of amusement tonic.

All we ask of the public is to see this show.

THE FIVE MUSICAL MARINES

By Bert Renshaw. A Nautical Musical Novelty.

Scenery and Effects by M. Ambruster & Co., Columbus, Ohio. Costumes by M. C. Lilly, Columbus, Ohio. Instruments by C. G. Conn, Elkhart, Ind., J. C. Deacon, Chicago, Ill.

THE WENWORTH TRIO—The Classy Dancing and Singing Fiends

IF YOU LIKE DANCING HERE WE ARE JUST FOR FUN.

THE SILVER DUO
A PAIR OF ECCENTRICS

VOIGHT & VOIGHT

CLASSIC JUGGLERS AND TIGHT-ROPE WALKERS.

SPLENDID FEATURE PHOTOPLAYS COMEDY AND DRAMATIC

GOOD MUSIC BY THE LIVE WIRES THE ARCADE ORCHESTRA

ADMISSION, MATINEE, 2.30, 5c AND 10c. EVENING, 7.30 AND 9.10c AND 20c.

WATCH THE NEWSPAPERS FOR A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT. YOU'LL BE TICKLED TO DEATH.

NEXT WEEK—A GREAT MUSICAL COMEDY IN 2 ACTS

When Croup Comes
Treat Externally

The old method of dosing delicate little stomachs with nauseous drugs is wrong and harmful. Try the external treatment—Vick's VapoRub. Salve. Just rub a little over the throat and chest. The vapors, released by the body heat, loosen the choking phlegm and ease the difficult breathing. A belated application restores sound sleep. 25c, 50c, or \$1.00.

THE GENUINE HAS THIS MARK
"VAPORUB"
VICK'S Croup and Pneumonia SALVE

MOTHERS OF
DELICATE CHILDREN

Should Read the Following Letter—Mrs. Slack's Story About Her Child's Recovery Is Entirely Reliable.

Almyra, Pa.—"Three years ago my little girl had black measles which left her with a chronic cough and so awfully thin you could count all her ribs, and she coughed so much she had no appetite. Nothing we gave her seemed to help her at all and one day Mrs. Nibbel told me how much good Vinol had done her little girl, so I decided to try it for my little one, and I have done her so much good she is hungry all the time, her cough is gone, she is plumper and more healthy in color and she is the first winter she has been able to play out in the snow, constricting and snow-balling without any ill effects."—Mrs. ALFRED SLACK, Almyra, Pa.

We know Vinol will build up your little ones and make them healthy, strong and robust, therefore we ask parents of every frail and sickly child in this vicinity to try a bottle of Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic without oil.

If we can induce you to try a bottle of Vinol as a body-builder and strength-giver for your child, and you do not find it all we claim, we will return your money on demand.

Graham & Co., druggists, Conneltsville, Pa., and at leading drug stores everywhere.

By C. A. Voight.



BLACK IS WHITE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
AND COMPANY

"You told him because you knew she did not love him. And you loved Matilda—God pity your poor soul! For no more than I have done you drove her out of your house. You accuse me in your heart when you vent your rage on that poor boy. Oh, I know! You suspect me! And you suspected the other one. Before God, I swear to you that you have more cause to suspect me than Matilda. She was not untrue to you. She could not have loved anyone else but you. I know—God help me, I know! Don't come near me! Not now! Tell you that—Frederic is your son. I tell you that Matilda loved no one but you. You drove her out. You drove Frederic out. And you will drive me out."

She stood over him like an accusing angel, her arms extended. He shrank back, glaring.

"Why do you say these things to me? You cannot know—you have no right to say—"

"I am sorry for you, James Brood," she murmured, suddenly relaxing. Her body swayed against the table, and then she sank limply into the chair alongside. "You will never forget that you struck a man who was asleep, absolutely asleep. That's why I am sorry for you."

"Asleep!" he murmured, putting his hand to his eyes. "Yes, you—do was asleep! Yvonne, I—I have never been so near to loving him as I am now, I—"

"I am going up to him. Don't try to stop me. But first let me ask you a question. What did Frederic say when you told him his mother was—was what you claim?"

Brood lowered his head. "He said that I was a cowardly liar."

"And it was then that you began to feel that you loved him. Ah, I see! You are a great, strong man—a wonderful man in spite of all this. You have a heart—a heart that still needs breaking before you can ever hope to be happy."

He gasped. "As if my heart hasn't already been broken!" he groaned.

"Your heart has been hurt, that's all. There is a vast difference. Are you going out?"

He looked at her in dull amazement. Slowly he began to pull himself together.

"Yes, I think you should go to him. I—I gave him an hour to—"

"To get out?"

"Yes. He must go, you see. See him if you will. I shall not oppose you. Find out what he expects to do."

She passed swiftly by him as he started toward the door. In the hall, which was bright with the sunlight from the upper windows, she turned to face him. To his astonishment, her cheeks were as white as his and her eyes bright with eagerness. She seemed almost radiant.

"Yes! It needs breaking, James," she said, and went up the stairs, leaving him standing there dumfounded. Near the top she began to hum a little tune. It came down to him distinctly—the weird little air that had haunted him for years—'Everlast'!

CHAPTER XVII.

Foul Weather.

To Brood's surprise, she came half-way down the stairs again, and leaning over the railing, spoke to him with a voice full of irony.

"Will you be good enough to call off your dog, James?"

"What dog?" he asked. "He had started to put on his light overcoat."

"I think you know," she said, briefly.

"Do you consider me so mean, so infamous as—?" he began hotly.

"Nevertheless, I feel happier when I know he is out of the house. Call off your dog, James."

He smothered an exclamation and then called out harshly to Jones, the Ranjab to attend him here, Jones. He is to go out with me," he said to the butler a moment later. Yvonne was still leaning over the banister, a scornful smile on her lips.

"I shall wait until you are gone. I intend to see Frederic alone," he said, with marked emphasis on the final word.

"As you like," said he, coldly.

She crossed the upper hall and disappeared down the stairs again. He turned her attention to the window across the court and the two floors above her—the heavily curtained window in Brood's retreat. There was no sign of life there, so he hurried to the front of the house to wait for the departure of James Brood and his man. The two were going down the front steps. At the bottom Brood spoke to Ranjab and the latter, an imperturbable as a rock, bowed low and moved off in an opposite direction to that taken by his master. Shot watched until both were out of sight. Then he rapidly mounted the stairs to the top floor.

Frederic was lying on the couch

near the side-room door. She was able to distinguish his long, dark figure after peering intently about the shadowy interior in what seemed at first to be a vain search for him. She shrank back, her eyes fixed in horror upon the prostrate shadow. Suddenly he stirred and then half raised himself on one elbow to stare at the figure in the doorway.

"Is it you?" he whispered, hoarsely, and dropped back with a great sigh on his lips.

Her heart leaped. The blood rushed back to her face. Quickly closing the door, she advanced into the room, her tread as swift and as soft as a cat's.

"He has gone out. We are quite alone," she said, stopping to lean against the table, suddenly faint with excitement.

He laughed, a bitter, mirthless, snarling laugh.

"God be Frederic. Do a man! I know what has happened. Get up! I want to talk to you over with you. We must plan. We must decide now—at once—before he returns."

She watched until both were out of sight.

—before he returns. The words broke from her lips with sharp, startling emphasis.

He came to a sitting posture slowly, all the while staring at her with a dull wonder in his heavy eyes.

"Tell yourself nothing," she cried, hurriedly. "We cannot talk here. I am afraid in this room. It has been known. That awful Hindu is always here, even though he may seem to be elsewhere. We will go down to my boudoir."

He slowly shook his head and then allowed his chin to sink dejectedly into his hands. With his elbows on his knees he watched her movements in a state of increasing interest and bewilderment. She turned abruptly to the Buddha, whose placid, smiling countenance seemed to be alive to the situation in all its aspects. Standing close, her hands behind her back, her figure very erect and stately, she proceeded to address the image in a voice full of mockery.

"Well, my chatterbox friend, I have pierced his armor, haven't I? He will creep up here and ask you, his wonderful god, to tell him what to do about it, al—? His wife are tangled. He doubts his senses. And when he comes to you, my friend, and whines his secret doubts into your excellent and trustworthy ear, do me the kindness to keep the secret. I shall now whisper to you, for I trust you, too, you amiable fraud." Standing on tiptoe, she put her lips to the Buddha's ear and whispered. Frederic, across the room, roused from his lethargy by the strange words and still stranger action, rose to his feet and took several steps toward her. "There! Now you know everything. You know more than James Brood knows, for you know what his charming wife is about to do next." She drew back and regarded the image through half-closed, smoldering eyes. "But he will know before long—before long."

"What are you doing, Yvonne?" demanded Frederic, unsteadily.

She whistled about and came toward him, her hands still clasped behind her back.

"Come with me," she said, ignoring his question.

"He—he thinks I am in love with you," said he, shaking his head.

"And are you not in love with me?" He was startled. "Good Lord, Yvonne!"

She came quite close to him. He could feel the warmth that traveled from her body across the short space that separated them. The intoxicating perfume filled his nostrils; he drew a deep breath, his eyes closing slowly as his senses prepared to succumb to the delicious spell that came over him. When he opened them an instant later, she was still facing him, an straight and fearless as a soldier, and the light of victory was in her dark, compelling eyes.

"Well," she said, deliberately, "I am ready to go away with you."

He fell back, stunned beyond the power of speech. His brain was filled

with a thousand clattering noises. "He has turned you out," she went on rapidly. "He disowns you. Very well; the time has come for me to exact payment from him for this and for all that has gone before. I shall go away with you, I—"

"Impossible!" he cried, finding his tongue and drawing still farther away from her.

"Are you not in love with me?" she whispered softly.

He put his hands to his eyes to shut out the alluring vision.

"For God's sake, Yvonne—leave me. Let me go my way. Let me—"

"He cursed your mother! He curses you! He damns you—as he damned her. You can pay him up for everything. You owe nothing to him. He has killed every—"

Frederic's attention was suddenly, and with a loud cry of exultation, raised his clenched hands above his head.

"By heaven, I will break him! I will make him pay! Do you know what he has done to me? Listen to this: he boasts of having reached me to manhood, as one might bring up a prize beast, that he might make me pay for the wrong that my poor mother did a quarter of a century ago. All these years he has had in mind this thing that he has done today. All my life has been spent in preparation for the sacrifice that came an hour ago. I have suffered all these years in ignorance of—"

"Not so loud!" she whispered, alarmed by the vehemence of his unawakened fury.

"Oh, I'm not afraid!" he cried, savagely. "Can you imagine anything more diabolical than the scheme he has had in mind all these years? To pay out my mother—who he loved and still loves—yes, by heaven, he still loves her!—he works to this beastly end. He made her suffer the agonies of the damned up to the day of her death by refusing her the right to have the child that he swore is no child of his. Oh, you don't know the story—you don't know the kind of man you have for a husband—you don't—"

"Yes, yes, I do know," she cried, violently, beating her breast with clenched hands. "I do know! I know that he still loves the poor girl who went out of this house with his curses ringing in her ears a score of years ago, and who died still bearing them. And he had almost come to the point of pitying him—I was falling—I was weakening. He is a wonderful man. I—I was losing myself. But that is all over. Three months ago I could have left him without a pang—yesterday I was afraid that it would never be possible. Today he makes it easy for me. He has hurt you beyond all reason, not because he hates you but because he loved your mother."

"But you do love him," cried Frederic, in stark wonder. "You don't care the snap of your finger for me. What is all this you are saying, Yvonne? You must be mad. Think! Think what you are saying!"

"I have thought—I am always thinking. I know my own mind well enough. It is settled. I am going away and I am going with you."

"I cannot listen to you, Yvonne," cried Frederic, aghast. His heart was pounding so fiercely that the blood surged to his head in great waves, almost stunning him with its velocity.

"We go tomorrow," she cried out, in an ecstasy of triumph. She was convinced that he would get—"La Providence!"

"Good God in heaven!" he gasped, dropping suddenly into a chair and burying his face in his shaking hands.

"What will this mean to Lydia—what will she do—what will become of her?"

A quiver of pain crossed the woman's face, her eyes fell as if to shut out something that shamed her in spite of all her vainglorious protestations. Then the spirit of exultation returned to his away.

"You cannot marry Lydia now," she said, affecting a sharpness of tone that caused him to shrink involuntarily. "It is your duty to write her a letter to-night, explaining all that has happened today. She would sacrifice herself for you today, but there is no tomorrow! A thousand tomorrows, Frederic. Don't forget them, my dear. They would be ugly after all, and she is too good, too fine to be dragged into—"

"You are right!" he exclaimed, leaping to his feet. "It would be the vilest act that a man could perpetrate. Why—why it would be proof of what he says of me—it would stamp me forever the basest of men—No, no, I could never lift my head again if I were to do this utterly vile thing to Lydia. He said to me here—not an hour ago—that he expected me to go ahead and blight that loyal girl's life, that I should consider it a noble mission of self-justification! What do you think of that? He—But wait! What is this that we are proposing to do? Give me time to think! Why—why, I can't take you away from him, Yvonne! God in heaven, what am I thinking of! Have I no sense of honor? Am I—"

"You are not his son," she said, significantly.

"But that is no reason why I should stoop to a foul trick like this. Do you know how much I love her? I would give up my life for her. I would die for her. I would—"

"And let me tell you something more. Although I can never marry Lydia, by heaven, I shall love her to the end of my life. I will not betray that love. To the end of time she shall know that my love for her is real and

true—and—"

"Wait! Give me time to think," she pleaded. He shook his head ruefully. "Do not judge me too harshly. Hear what I have to say before you condemn me. I am not the vile creature you think Frederic. Wait! Let me think!"

He stared at her for a moment in deep perplexity, and then slowly drew near. "I do not believe you mean to do wrong—I do not believe it of you. You have been carried away by some horrible—"

"Listen to me," she broke in, fiercely. "I would have sacrificed you—any, sacrificed you, poor boy—for the joy it would give me to see James Brood grovel in misery for the rest of his life. Oh!" She uttered a groan of despair and self-loathing so deep and full of pain that his heart was chilled.

"Good Lord, Yvonne!" he gasped, dumfounded.

"Do not come near me," she cried out, covering her face with her hands. "For a full minute she stood before him, straight and rigid as a statue, a tragic figure he was never to forget. Suddenly she lowered her hands. To his surprise, a smile was on her lips. "You would never have gone away with me, I know it now. All these months I have been counting on you for this very hour—this culminating hour—and now I realize how little hope I have really had, even from the beginning. You are honorable. There have been times when your influence over you was such that you resisted only because you were loyal to yourself—not to Lydia, not to my husband—but to yourself. I came to this house with but one purpose in mind. I came here to take you away from the man who has always stood as your father. I would not have become your mistress—no! how loathsome it sounds! But I would have enticed you away, leaving myself to be justified. I would have struck James Brood that blow. He would have gone to his grave believing himself to have been paid in full by the son of the woman he had degraded, by the boy he had reared for this laughter, by the blood—"

"In God's name, Yvonne, what is this you are saying? What have you against my—against him?"

"What? I shall come to that. I should not stop to consider all that I did not have to overcome. First, there was your soul, your honor, your integrity to consider. I could see nothing else but triumph over James Brood. To gain my end it was necessary that I should be his wife. I became his wife—I deliberately took that step in order to make complete my triumph over him. I became the wife of the man I hated with all my soul, Frederic. So you can see how far I was willing to go to—ah, it was a hard thing to do! But I did not shrink. I went into it without faltering, without a single thought of the cost to myself. And was to pay for all that, too, in the end. Look into my eyes, Frederic. I want to ask you a question. Will you go away with me? Will you take me?"

He returned her look steadily. "No!"

"That is all I want to hear you say. It means the end. I have done all that could be done and I have failed. Thank God, I have failed!" She came swiftly to him and, before he was aware of her intention, clutched his hand and pressed it to her lips. He was shocked to find that a sudden gust of tears was wetting his hand.

"Oh, Yvonne!" he cried miserably.

She was sobbing convulsively. "He looked down upon her dark, bowed head and again felt the mastering desire to crush her slender, beautiful body in his arms. The spell of her was upon him again, but now he realized

that told a more horrible story than words could have expressed. There was no mistaking his meaning. He had elected himself her executioner. A ghastly look of comprehension flitted across Brood's face. For a second his mind slipped from one dread to another more appalling. He knew this man of his. He remembered the story of another killing in the hills of India. His gaze went from the brown fanatic's face to the white, tender, lovely throat of the woman—and a hoarse gasp broke from his lips.

"No! No! Not that!" he cried, and as the words rang out, Yvonne removed her horrified gaze from the face of red and fixed it upon the face of her husband. She straightened up slowly and her arms fell limply to her sides.

"It was meant for me. Shoot, James!" she said, almost in a whisper.

The Hindu's grasp tightened at the convulsive movement of his master's hand. His fingers were like steel bands.

"Shoot!" she repeated, raising her voice. "Save yourself, for if he is dead I shall kill you with my own hands. This is your chance—shoot!"

Brood's fingers relaxed their grip on the revolver. A fierce, wild hope gleamed in the strangeness of his body—he grew faint with it.

"God be—he can't be dead! I have not killed him. He shall not die—he shall not!" Flinging the Hindu aside he threw himself down beside the body on the floor. The revolver as it dropped, was caught in the nimble hand of the Hindu, who took two long swift strides toward the woman who now faced him instead of her husband. There was a great light in his eyes as he stood over her and she saw death staring out upon her.

But she did not quail. She was past all that. She looked straight into his eyes for an instant and then, as if putting him out of her thoughts entirely, turned slowly toward the two men on the floor. The man half raised the pistol, but something stayed his hand—something stronger than any mere physical opposition could have done.

He glared at the half-averted face, confounded by the most extraordinary impression that ever had entered his incomprehensible brain. Something strange and wonderful was transpiring before his very eyes—something so marvellous that even he, mysterious seer of the Ganges, was stunned into complete amazement and unbelief. That strange, uncanny intelligence of his, born of a thousand mysteries, was being tried beyond all previous excursions. It was as if he now saw this woman for the first time—as if he had never looked upon her face before. A mist appeared to envelop her and through this veil he saw a face that was new to him—the face of Yvonne and not her own. Absolute wonder crept into his eyes.

As if impelled by the power of his gaze, she faced him once more. For what seemed hours to him, but in reality only seconds, his searching eyes looked deep into hers. He saw at last the soul of this woman and it was not the soul he had known as hers up to that tremendous moment. And he came to know that she was no longer afraid of him or his powers. His hand was lowered, his eyes fell and he looked at the floor. There were no words, for he addressed a spirit. All the venom, all the hatred fled from his soul. His knees bent in sudden submission, and his eyes were raised to hers once more, but now in their somber depths was the fidelity of the dog!

"Go at once," she said, and her voice was as clear as a bell.

He shot a swift glance at the prostrate Frederic and straightened his tall figure as if a soldier under orders. His understanding gaze sought her face again. There was a command in her eyes. He placed the weapon on the table. It had been a distinct command to him.

"One of us will use it," she said monotonously. "Go!"

With incredible swiftness he was gone. The curtains barely moved as he passed between them and the heavy door made no sound in opening and closing. There was no one in the hall. The sound of the shot had not gone beyond the thick walls of the prostrate room on the top floor. Somewhere at the rear of the house an indistinct voice was uttering a jumbled stream of French.

Many minutes passed. There was not a movement in the room. Brood, beside the outstretched figure of his unintended victim, was staring at the gray face with wide, unblinking eyes. He looked at last upon the features that he had searched for in vain through all the seven years. There was blood on his face and on his cheek, for he had listened at first for the beat of the heart. Afterward his agonized gaze had gone to the bloodless face. There it was arrested. A dumb wonder possessed his soul. He knelt there petrified by the shock of discovery. In the dim light he no longer saw the features of Matilda, but his own, and his heart was still in that revealing moment he realized that he had never seen anything in Frederic's countenance save the dark, never-to-be-forgotten eyes—and eyes were his Matilda's. Now these eyes were closed. He could not see them, and the blindness was struck from his own. He had always looked into the boy's eyes—he had never been able to seek farther than those haunting, inquiring eyes—but now he saw the lean, strong jaw, and the firm chin, the straight nose and the broad forehead—and none of these were Matilda's! These were the features of a man—and of one man. He was seeing himself as he was when he looked into his mirror at twenty-one!

TO BE CONTINUED.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

near the side-room door. She was able to distinguish his long, dark figure after peering intently about the shadowy interior in what seemed at first to be a vain search for him. She shrank back, her eyes fixed in horror upon the prostrate shadow. Suddenly he stirred and then half raised himself on one elbow to stare at the figure in the doorway.

"Is it you?" he whispered, hoarsely, and dropped back with a great sigh on his lips.

Her heart leaped. The blood rushed back to her face. Quickly closing the door, she advanced into the room, her tread as swift and as soft as a cat's.

"He has gone out. We are quite alone," she said, stopping to lean against the table, suddenly faint with excitement.

He laughed, a bitter, mirthless, snarling laugh.

"God be Frederic. Do a man! I know what has happened. Get up! I want to talk to you over with you. We must plan. We must decide now—at once—before he returns."

She watched until both were out of sight.

—before he returns. The words broke from her lips with sharp, startling emphasis.

He came to a sitting posture slowly, all the while staring at her with a dull wonder in his heavy eyes.

"Tell yourself nothing," she cried, hurriedly. "We cannot talk here. I am afraid in this room. It has been known. That awful Hindu is always here, even though he may seem to be elsewhere. We will go down to my boudoir."

He slowly shook his head and then allowed his chin to sink dejectedly into his hands. With his elbows on his knees he watched her movements in a state of increasing interest and bewilderment. She turned abruptly to the Buddha, whose placid, smiling countenance seemed to be alive to the situation in all its aspects. Standing close, her hands behind her back, her figure very erect and stately, she proceeded to address the image in a voice full of mockery.

"Well, my chatterbox friend, I have pierced his armor, haven't I? He will creep up here and ask you, his wonderful god, to tell him what to do about it, al—? His wife are tangled. He doubts his senses. And when he comes to you, my friend, and whines his secret doubts into your excellent and trustworthy ear, do me the kindness to keep the secret. I shall now whisper to you, for I trust you, too, you amiable fraud." Standing on tiptoe, she put her lips to the Buddha's ear and whispered. Frederic, across the room, roused from his lethargy by the strange words and still stranger action, rose to his feet and took several steps toward her. "There! Now you know everything. You know more than James Brood knows, for you know what his charming wife is about to do next." She drew back and regarded the image through half-closed, smoldering eyes. "But he will know before long—before long."

"What are you doing, Yvonne?" demanded Frederic, unsteadily.

She whistled about and came toward him, her hands still clasped behind her back.

"Come with me," she said, ignoring his question.

"He—he thinks I am in love with you," said he, shaking his head.

"And are you not in love with me?" He was startled. "Good Lord, Yvonne!"

She came quite close to him. He could feel the warmth that traveled from her body across the short space that separated them. The intoxicating perfume filled his nostrils; he drew a deep breath, his eyes closing slowly as his senses prepared to succumb to the delicious spell that came over him. When he opened them an instant later, she was still facing him, an straight and fearless as a soldier, and the light of victory was in her dark, compelling eyes.

"Well," she said, deliberately, "I am ready to go away with you."

He fell back, stunned beyond the power of speech. His brain was filled

with a thousand clattering noises. "He has turned you out," she went on rapidly. "He disowns you. Very well; the time has come for me to exact payment from him for this and for all that has gone before. I shall go away with you, I—"

"Impossible!" he cried, finding his tongue and drawing still farther away from her.

"Are you not in love with me?" she whispered softly.

He put his hands to his eyes to shut out the alluring vision.

"For God's sake, Yvonne—leave me. Let me go my way. Let me—"

"He cursed your mother! He curses you! He damns you—as he damned her. You can pay him up for everything. You owe nothing to him. He has killed every—"

Frederic's attention was suddenly, and with a loud cry of exultation, raised his clenched hands above his head.

"By heaven, I will break him! I will make him pay! Do you know what he has done to me? Listen to this: he boasts of having reached me to manhood, as one might bring up a prize beast, that he might make me pay for the wrong that my poor mother did a quarter of a century ago. All these years he has had in mind this thing that he has done today. All my life has been spent in preparation for the sacrifice that came an hour ago. I have suffered all these years in ignorance of—"

"Not so loud!" she whispered, alarmed by the vehemence of his unawakened fury.

"Oh, I'm not afraid!" he cried, savagely. "Can you imagine anything more diabolical than the scheme he has had in mind all these years? To pay out my mother—who he loved and still loves—yes, by heaven, he still loves her!—he works to this beastly end. He made her suffer the agonies of the damned up to the day of her death by refusing her the right to have the child that he swore is no child of his. Oh, you don't know the story—you don't know the kind of man you have for a husband—you don't—"

"Yes, yes, I do know," she cried, violently, beating her breast with clenched hands. "I do know! I know that he still loves the poor girl who went out of this house with his curses ringing in her ears a score of years ago, and who died still bearing them. And he had almost come to the point of pitying him—I was falling—I was weakening. He is a wonderful man. I—I was losing myself. But that is all over. Three months ago I could have left him without a pang—yesterday I was afraid that it would never be possible. Today he makes it easy for me. He has hurt you beyond all reason, not because he hates you but because he loved your mother."

"But you do love him," cried Frederic, in stark wonder. "You don't care the snap of your finger for me. What is all this you are saying, Yvonne? You must be mad. Think! Think what you are saying!"

"I have thought—I am always thinking. I know my own mind well enough. It is settled. I am going away and I am going with you."

"I cannot listen to you, Yvonne," cried Frederic, aghast. His heart was pounding so fiercely that the blood surged to his head in great waves, almost stunning him with its velocity.

"We go tomorrow," she cried out, in an ecstasy of triumph. She was convinced that he would get—"La Providence!"

"Good God in heaven!" he gasped, dropping suddenly into a chair and burying his face in his shaking hands.

"What will this mean to Lydia—what will she do—what will become of her?"

A quiver of pain crossed the woman's face, her eyes fell as if to shut out something that shamed her in spite of all her vainglorious protestations. Then the spirit of exultation returned to his away.

"You cannot marry Lydia now," she said, affecting a sharpness of tone that caused him to shrink involuntarily. "It is your duty to write her a letter to-night, explaining all that has happened today. She would sacrifice herself for you today, but there is no tomorrow! A thousand tomorrows, Frederic. Don't forget them, my dear. They would be ugly after all, and she is too good, too fine to be dragged into—"

"You are right!" he exclaimed, leaping to his feet. "It would be the vilest act that a man could perpetrate. Why—why it would be proof of what he says of me—it would stamp me forever the basest of men—No, no, I could never lift my head again if I were to do this utterly vile thing to Lydia. He said to me here—not an hour ago—that he expected me to go ahead and blight that loyal girl's life, that I should consider it a noble mission of self-justification! What do you think of that? He—But wait! What is this that we are proposing to do? Give me time to think! Why—why, I can't take you away from him, Yvonne! God in heaven, what am I thinking of! Have I no sense of honor? Am I—"

"You are not his son," she said, significantly.

"But that is no reason why I should stoop to a foul trick like this. Do you know how much I love her? I would give up my life for her. I would die for her. I would—"

"And let me tell you something more. Although I can never marry Lydia, by heaven, I shall love her to the end of my life. I will not betray that love. To the end of time she shall know that my love for her is real and

true—and—"

"Wait! Give me time to think," she pleaded. He shook his head ruefully. "Do not judge me too harshly. Hear what I have to say before you condemn me. I am not the vile creature you think Frederic. Wait! Let me think!"

He stared at her for a moment in deep perplexity, and then slowly drew near. "I do not believe you mean to do wrong—I do not believe it of you. You have been carried away by some horrible—"

"Listen to me," she broke in, fiercely. "I would have sacrificed you—any, sacrificed you, poor boy—for the joy it would give me to see James Brood grovel in misery for the rest of his life. Oh!" She uttered a groan of despair and self-loathing so deep and full of pain that his heart was chilled.

"Good Lord, Yvonne!" he gasped, dumfounded.

"Do not come near me," she cried out, covering her face with her hands. "For a full minute she stood before him, straight and rigid as a statue, a tragic figure he was never to forget. Suddenly she lowered her hands. To his surprise, a smile was on her lips. "You would never have gone away with me, I know it now. All these months I have been counting on you for this very hour—this culminating hour—and now I realize how little hope I have really had, even from the beginning. You are honorable. There have been times when your influence over you was such that you resisted only because you were loyal to yourself—not to Lydia, not to my husband—but to yourself. I came to this house with but one purpose in mind. I came here to take you away from the man who has always stood as your father. I would not have become your mistress—no! how loathsome it sounds! But I would have enticed you away, leaving myself to be justified. I would have struck James Brood that blow. He would have gone to his grave believing himself to have been paid in full by the son of the woman he had degraded, by the boy he had reared for this laughter, by the blood—"

"In God's name, Yvonne, what is this you are saying? What have you against my—against him?"

"What? I shall come to that. I should not stop to consider all that I did not have to overcome. First, there was your soul, your honor, your integrity to consider. I could see nothing else but triumph over James Brood. To gain my end it was necessary that I should be his wife. I became his wife—I deliberately took that step in order to make complete my triumph over him. I became the wife of the man I hated with all my soul, Frederic. So you can see how far I was willing to go to—ah, it was a hard thing to do! But I did not shrink. I went into it without faltering, without a single thought of the cost to myself. And was to pay for all that, too, in the end. Look into my eyes, Frederic. I want to ask you a question. Will you go away with me? Will you take me?"

He returned her look steadily. "No!"

"That is all I want to hear you say. It means the end. I have done all that could be done and I have failed. Thank God, I have failed!" She came swiftly to him and, before he was aware of her intention, clutched his hand and pressed it to her lips. He was shocked to find that a sudden gust of tears was wetting his hand.

"Oh, Yvonne!" he cried miserably.

She was sobbing convulsively. "He looked down upon her dark, bowed head and again felt the mastering desire to crush her slender, beautiful body in his arms. The spell of her was upon him again, but now he realized

that told a more horrible story than words could have expressed. There was no mistaking his meaning. He had elected himself her executioner. A ghastly look of comprehension flitted across Brood's face. For a second his mind slipped from one dread to another more appalling. He knew this man of his. He remembered the story of another killing in the hills of India. His gaze went from the brown fanatic's face to the white, tender, lovely throat of the woman—and a hoarse gasp broke from his lips.

"No! No! Not that!" he cried, and as the words rang out, Yvonne removed her horrified gaze from the face of red and fixed it upon the face of her husband. She straightened up slowly and her arms fell limply to her sides.

"It was meant for me. Shoot, James!" she said, almost in a whisper.

The Hindu's grasp tightened at the convulsive movement of his master's hand. His fingers were like steel bands.

"Shoot!" she repeated, raising her voice. "Save yourself, for if he is dead I shall kill you with my own hands. This is your chance—shoot!"

Brood's fingers relaxed their grip on the revolver. A fierce, wild hope gleamed in the strangeness of his body—he grew faint with it.

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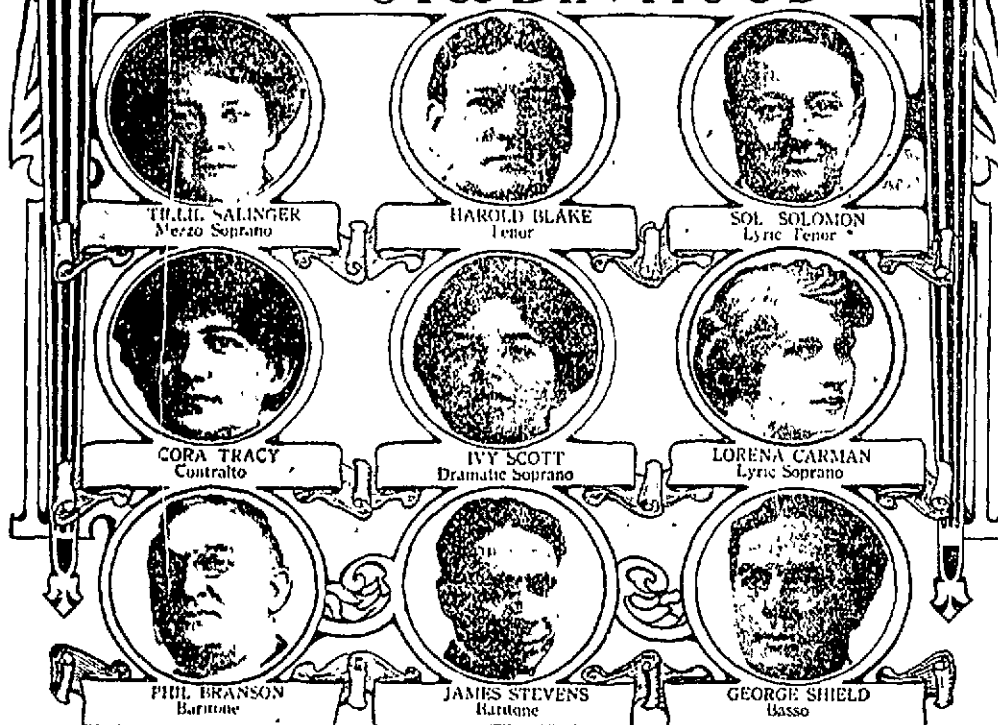
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At the Theatres.

Groupe of Grand Opera Stars appearing in De KOVEN OPERA COS REVIVAL OF ROBIN HOOD



THE COLONIAL.

"Robin Hood," the celebrated comic opera by Messrs. de Koven and Smith, will be the offering at the Colonial, Tuesday night, February 23. The opera will be presented by the de Koven Company, an organization composed of grand opera singers. In this notable cast of vocal artists first mention should be given to Ivy Scott, the charming young Australian prima donna, who made such a success at the Century Grand opera in New York. Miss Scott possesses a remarkable lyric soprano voice of dramatic quality, and since the role of Maid Marian with an artistic beauty worthy of the highest praise. The title role will be sung by Harold Blake, whose fine tenor voice is admirably suited to the part. T. J. McCarthy, who originated the part of the crying general in "The Merry Widow," will play the part of Friar Tuck. Mr. McCarthy's performance of the lovable old monk is said to be classic.

Cora Tracy will be the Alana-Bale and her rich contralto adds a new beauty to Mr. de Koven's best known song, "The Promise." Another result from grand opera in James Stevens of the Chicago opera company whose singing of "Brown October Ale" gives a pleasure only possible from such a splendid baritone voice. George Shields, a fine bass, will sing the famous "Armour's Song." Lorena Carman, Tillie Salinger, Phil Branson and Sol Solomon complete the cast, the excellence of which has never been surpassed, if equaled in comic opera. An exceptional singing chorus carried by the company is of the highest order. Special mention is made of the vocal merit of this company, justice to the charm of Reginald de Koven's music. This charming production, which is under the direction of Adolph Mayer, is the same as that given at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, during the long run of "Robin Hood" in that city last year.

The performance will undoubtedly be the social and musical event of the year.

THE SOISSON.

"SALOMY JANE" TODAY.
Beatriz Michelena will appear for the first time in this city at the Soisson Theatre in the five reel drama "Salomy Jane." The actress has a big reputation in the picture world, and the play is one of last season's great successes. The three reel "Usual Feature," "Horseplay of Mon," which is a story of a girl who is loved by two men, is also being shown. The animated weekly is full of interesting subjects. Tomorrow Mary Fuller will appear in "Every Girl," a two reel feature. Friday the sixth episode of "The Exploits of Elaine," will be shown and Saturday the big creation, "America," is the attraction.

THE GLOBE

"THE GLARE OF THE LIGHTS."
A great attraction at the Globe this afternoon and evening is "The Glare of the Lights," a powerful three reel drama featuring Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne. The story, which is of intense interest was published in The Ladies World and is familiar to many. It is said to be one of the best films ever presented and is claimed by Bushman as one of his greatest successes. A two reel "Black and White" and two clever comedies are also included in the bill. Each lady attending will be given a picture of Francis X. Bushman.

Read The Daily Courier.

PHOTOPLAY GOSSIP

Paramount pictures booked for the Colonial in the next month include the following:
February 27, "The Bargain," W. S. Hart.
March 2, "The Ghost Breaker," H. B. Warner.
March 6, "The Conspiracy," John Davidson.
March 9, "The Crucible," Marguerite Clark.
March 13, "False Colors," Lois Weber.
March 16, "The Sign of the Cross," William Patnam.
March 19, "Cameo Kirby," Dustin Farnum.
March 23, "Cinderella," Mary Pickford.



BEVERLY BAYNE

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, who appear regularly at the Globe, are about the best drawing card offered by houses running the General Film Company's releases. From a box office standpoint they have "Broncho Billy" backed off the boards in the Essanay pictures.

The Olympic Theatre, under the new management, is trying out a plan to have special musical attractions in connection with its pictures on stated nights. The West Penn Quartet will sing on Monday nights. Mrs. Elsie Kuerner Sullivan will sing on Saturday night.

The sea captain in the film "Beauty and the Beast," shown at the Colonial some time ago, was played by Cyril Maude, the English actor now playing "Grumpy" on the stage in Pittsburgh.

Her, numerous place Mary Pickford's age at 21 years. She receives \$2,000 a week from the Famous Players Company.

There are many Connellsville motion picture fans who believe that Victoria Lorde, Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran make the funniest one reel comedies shown in town. They appear regularly at the Soisson, twice weekly.

One Cent a Word.

For classified advertisement. Try them.

HELMAR Turkish Cigarettes

Quality NO PREMIUMS

Makers of the Highest Quality Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Constipation a Penalty of Age

Nothing is so essential to health in advancing age as keeping the bowels open. It makes one feel younger and fresher and forestalls colds, piles, tumors and other dependent ills.

Cathartics and purgatives are violent and drastic in action and should be avoided. A mild, effective, invigorating, recommended by physicians and thousands who have used it, is the combination of simple herbs with peppermint oil by Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. The price is 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. For a free trial bottle write to Dr. W. D. Caldwell, 112 Washington St., Monticello, N.Y.

Mrs. H. T. Holt returned here yesterday, after spending a few days visiting relatives at Connellsville.

Joseph Tieser was a business caller in Connellsville yesterday.

Harriet Collins was a business caller in Connellsville yesterday.

William Bailey was transacting business in Connellsville yesterday.

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RED STOMACH OF GASES, SOURNESS, AND INDIGESTION

"Pape's Dipepsin" Ends
All Stomach Distress in
Five Minutes.

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad, or an uncertain one, or a harmful one; your stomach is too valuable; you mustn't injure it with drastic drugs.

Pape's Dipepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief to heartburn, gas, its certain unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, messy stomachs, its millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach troubles has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large 50-cent case from any drug store and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them, if what they eat lays like lead, causes heartburn, dizziness and nausea, eruptions of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as "Pape's Dipepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes, its promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.—Adv.

CONFERENCE

CONFERENCE, Feb. 24.—A. N. Flanagan of Johnson's Chapel, was a business visitor to Connellsville yesterday.

T. E. Conlon of Connellsville, was here on business yesterday.

Harry Watson was in Somerset yesterday transacting business.

Mrs. H. V. Prince of Fort Hill, was shopping in town yesterday.

William C. Grove is a business caller in Somerset.

Mr. and Mrs. James Parnell of Ohio, have returned home, after spending a week with relatives at Johnson's Chapel.

W. S. Springer of Accident, Md., is a business caller here today.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will meet at the home of Mrs. John Davis tomorrow evening. A full attendance is desired.

D. V. Morrow of Somerset, was a business visitor in town yesterday.

Mrs. N. M. Phillips left yesterday for Rockwood to visit friends.

Harry Colquhoun of Chicago, Ill., is here visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Silas Younk.

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First Showing Of

Spring Coats For Women

(Floor Of Correct Dress : Wright-Metzler Co.)

The Department Head reports that more new coats are on view right now than we were showing three weeks later last year; and the special advantage of an early, broad assortment gives women something new to wear over the winter dress she is not ready to lay aside. The very moderate prices will prove as attractive as the new styles themselves; and there's no denying the correctness of fashions.

Cloths : Patterns : Lengths : Looks : Prices

—Shepard checks, broken checks, multi-colored checks and new plaid effects; tweeds, utility Balmainians (shower-proof), plain color Gabardine and wool poplin.
—The lengths are 33 to 45 inches, and belts of varying width decorate the most of them. A coat for auto wear is 50 inches long, shoulder-lined and fitted with a military collar.
—Flared and notch collars; patch pockets; loose and semi-fitted backs; flared and straight bottoms; square and rounded corners.
—Prices are \$7.50 to \$25, with a splendid variety at \$10.
—Sizes are for women and girls.

New Buttons

To use on new clothes
or Freshen the Old Ones

—Colorful or black; and odd tones to match the new colors in dress textures.

—Coat, dress and suit buttons in different sizes and matched.

—Jet, clear crystal, fancy crystal, pearl inlaid, Roman pearl, enamel and bone.

—Odd square and oblong shapes; half shapes; many-sided buttons.

—Black, ivory, clear, sand, green, Belgium blue, dark blue, red, green; solid or multi-colored. Buttons—1st Floor.

Everything Here To

Start Early Sewing

The fabrics are here, new and correct, for spring wraps, suits, skirts, dresses, blouses and lingerie; and in bigger and finer assortments than you will see anywhere else in town.

You can start right in and choose everything needed: piece goods, trimmings and dress making requisites. Many exclusive weaves; all the good staples, and quality notions, to save labor and time. Prices are very low on some things.

—Silk and cotton crepe de chine in staple and new colors. Used for dresses, waists and lingerie. 50c and 55c.
—Colored silk and cotton foundation materials, 39c-50c;
—Crepe de chine, part silk, in pretty printed designs for spring and summer frocks. A splendid quality for the price—75c a yard.

—New and neat 27 inch Swiss baby flouncing in eyelet and solid work. Several designs and all 25c a yard—a special low price through an advantage in buying.
—New embroideries underprice at 10c a yard. Fresh and crisp, of cambric and pailaook and 2 1/2 to 4 in. wide.
—Woolens, silks, tissues, etc.

Brenlin Window Shades 7 Sizes

Way Under Price

Brenlin shades are worth every cent asked for them, but we are discontinuing the line for other makes fully as good, and at better terms. Such prices are rare for any kind of shades—doubly so for the famous, long-wearing and unfadable Brenlin.

—Ecru and clover green:

The 1.00 grade, 36 in.x7 ft., Ecru only.....	65c
The 1.15 grade, 38 in.x7 ft.....	75c
The 1.25 grade, 42 in.x7 ft.....	90c
The 1.40 grade, 45 in.x7 ft.....	1.10
The 1.60 grade, 48 in.x7 ft.....	1.19
The 1.95 grade, 54 in.x7 ft.....	1.40
The 2.50 grade, 63 in.x7 ft.....	1.95

Plain-Color

Carpets

The solid green or brown Wilton carpeting we are showing will serve as a subtle ground work for fine furniture; and add to the good taste of elegant homes.

Wilton velvet, Axminster and Brussels, in neat and pretty designs; some with borders to match, for rug making. Hall and stair carpeting, and many, many patterns for all rooms.

Carpet Department.
2nd floor Aupex.

WRIGHT-METZLER CO.

COLONIAL THEATRE, MARCH 2.

The Musical Event of the Century!

The Original De Koven Opera Company in

"ROBIN HOOD"

Book By

HARRY B. SMITH

Music By

REGINALD DE KOVEN

With a Cast of Grand Opera Stars Including

IVY SCOTT, HAROLD BLAKE, CORA TRACY, JAMES STEVENS, GEORGE SHIELDS, LORENA CARMAN, PHIL BRANSON, TILLIE SALINGER, T. J. MCCARTHY and SOL SOLOMON.

Grand Ensemble of 50 Augmented Orchestra The Greatest Singing Organization Extant

PRICES:

Box Seats \$2; Orchestra \$1.50, \$1; Balcony \$1, 75c; Gallery 50c

Sells on sale at Huston's Drug Store Friday. Mail orders accompanied by remittance filled promptly.

SOISSON THEATRE

THE HOUSE OF LILIES.
THIS AFTERNOON AND TONIGHT.

THE BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS
Beatriz Michelena
IN THE FIVE-REEL DRAMA
"SALOMY JANE"

THE THREE REEL BISON DRAMA
"Ridgeway of Montana"

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WITH MANY FINE FEATURES

A WELL-PAR EXCELLENCE - - - 5 and 10 Cents